

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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EDITOR

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The Right to Change One's Name
Christian Science Monitor.

An interesting decision has just been rendered by Judge Irving M. Vann of Syracuse, New York, which is in effect that one may change his name, Christian or surname, or both, without resort to legal proceedings, provided he do so "in good faith and for an honest purpose." The judge says in his opinion that "although the custom is widespread and universal for all males to bear the names of their parents, there is nothing in the law prohibiting a man from taking another name if he chooses. There is no penalty or punishment for so doing." In support of his decision, Judge Vann cites a similar one by Chief Justice Abbott of England.

The Syracuse judge quotes numerous precedents, many of them outside of law records. We are informed that Voltaire, Moliere, Dante, Petrarch, Riche, Ben, Loyola, Erasmus and Linnaeus are assumed names; that Melancthon, before he achieved literary fame, was a Schwarzeerde, which means black earth, and that Rembrandt's father had the surname Terborch, but the son changed his to Van Ryn on account of its supposed greater dignity. Napoleon Bonaparte changed his name after his amazing victories. The Duke of Wellington was not by blood a Wellesley but a Colley, and the assumed name of Wesley was afterward expanded to Wellesley. Camden mentions a man with eight sons, each with a different surname and not one with that of his father.

General Grant's baptismal name was Hiram Ulysses, and he bore that appellation until he was appointed a cadet at West Point, when his name got mixed with that of his brother. He was appointed as "Ulysses Sidney Grant," and was afterward known as U. S. Grant. President Cleveland had the baptismal name of Stephen Grover Cleveland. He omitted the Stephen and assumed the name of Grover Cleveland.

Judge Vann maintains that if a man transacts business under his new name, holds himself out to his friends and acquaintances thereunder with their acquiescence and recognition, the new name becomes his legal name just as effectively as if he had hired a lawyer and applied to the court.

THE ECLIPSE OF VENUS.

In the broad light of day she came,

As angels appear, unawares,

Venus, our gentlest planet; Venus, the Goddess of Love!

Bright and blue was the sky in the dazzling light of the Sun,

The mighty, omnipotent Sun, emblem of all that is good,

In majesty, splendor and strength.

Giver of Life to the Earth, father of all her offspring,

From the primitive life in the sea to the complex animal Man.

O Sun, thou visible God! O Venus, thou Goddess of Love!

Safe in the noon she appeared,

In wonderful beauty bedight,

A scintillant, radiant gem;

Queen of the trillions of stars

That gleam in the heavens at night;

And of all those marvellous worlds

Standing alone in his sight,

In the sight of her Lord, the Sun,

Her lustre offsetting his own!

"An eclipse of the planet," men said,

Gazing aloft from the street,

But to me 'twas the spirit of Love,

In tenderest beauty and grace,

Kneeling in reverence to God,

She, of all planets, alone

Worthy to gaze in his face,

To worship him high on his throne!

—P. Maurice McMahon.

Honolulu, March, 1910.

Small Talks

ED. TOWSE—Yes, my observatory is now ready for business.

GEORGE P. CASTLE—The Advertiser editorials on prohibition are of the kind that count.

BERTRAM RIVENBURGH—They might have named me for the senate while they were about it.

W. H. HOOGS—I am glad to see that The Advertiser is looking into some of these stock propositions.

E. BUFFANDEAU—I tell you, that deduction business is the real article when it comes to detecting.

PROFESSOR DONAGGIO—The published statement, that I will be at the observatory all of the time to receive visitors, is a slight exaggeration to say the least.

JOHN M. MARTIN—I have a congregation at the prison that is the only straight prohibition congregation in town. Several of the members have not touched a drop for years.

SAM WALKER—The yacht club benefit is going to be a Society event, with the capital S. It is going to be just as big a winner as the Hawaii herself, when she starts back from San Pedro.

CHARLES R. FRAZIER—I speculate that part of the Bluffton interview which makes me say that I am going to cover Pinchbowl with a billboard. I am a friend of humanity, not a vandal.

Mr. Fairbank's Home-Coming---A Satire

After a tour of the world former Vice President Fairbanks is coming home this month to resume his place as a plain citizen of Indiana. During his foreign travels Mr. Fairbanks has visited many countries, and while he has received many attentions in the Far East and in Europe, he has gone about his personal business in a quiet, unostentatious manner. So far as circumstances permitted he has conducted himself as any other normal American after retiring from public life would conduct himself in a similar errand of pleasure and sightseeing.

While Vice President, Mr. Fairbanks was hardly more than an onlooker in Washington. He had neither patronage nor control of the stage lights. But he had the courage when called on to speak, in public to raise a warning voice against the tendencies toward

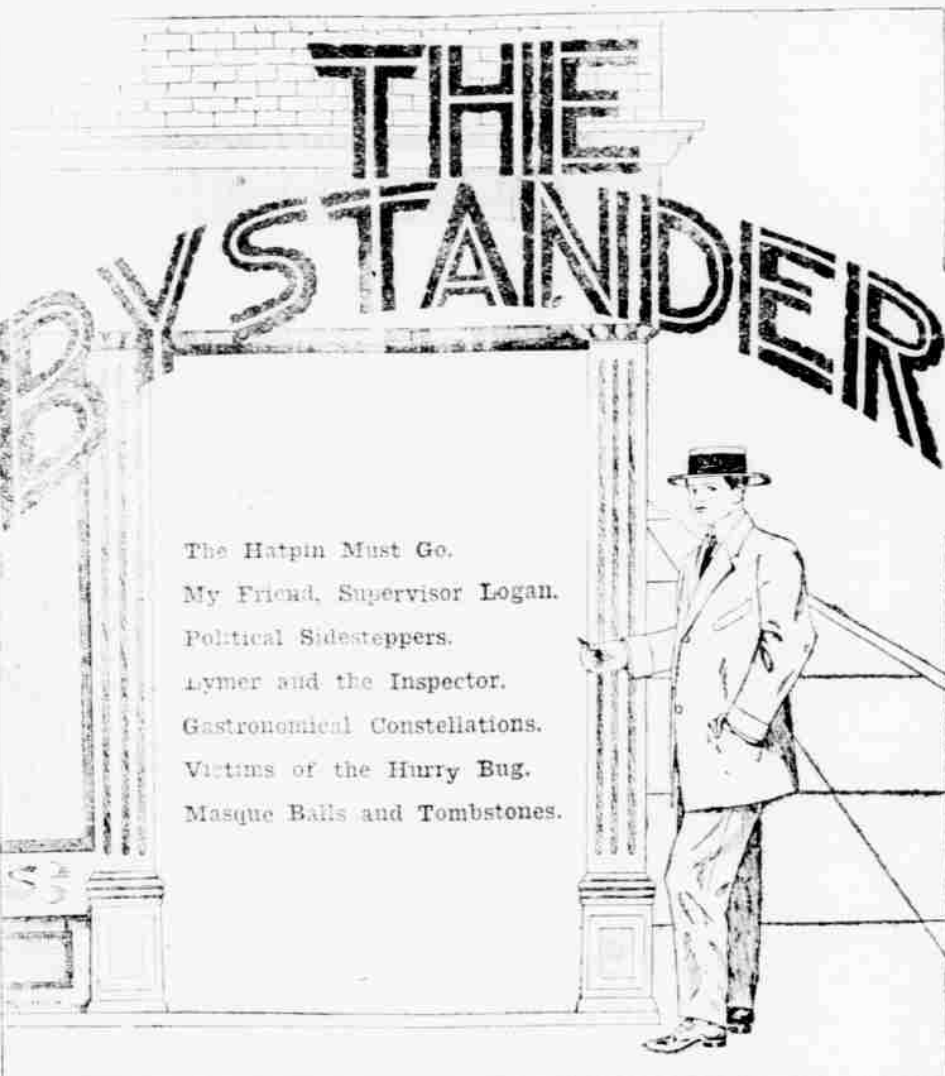
centralization and extravagance. His voice was drowned in the tumult of noisy agitators. What he had to offer the public was not the kind of vaudeville politics then in fashion.

During the trip abroad, Mr. Fairbanks has not managed to shake off the vice of good manners and modest dignity. He has not instructed foreign governments how to run their colonies or to rule subject races. He has not killed six thousand wild beasts or had himself photographed in six thousand poses. He has not boasted that in a few years he would be able to kill as many wild animals as he did. He starts home without a horde of correspondents and press agents; but on his return the American people will not honor him the less for his good sense and self respect or fail to recognize in him a sound type of American.—New York World.

The Foolish Hen

An old hen with yellow legs once sat on a nest of wooden eggs for three long months she held them down, till all the other hens in town were cracking over the famous nest; and when the feathers off her breast, and saw her blooming youth depart, and broke her fond and foolish heart, and shook all the other hens with a shrill cry, "The foolish hen!" and still the blamed eggs wouldn't hatch. Her owner said she was a fool and ducked the poor thing in a pool, and then dismissed her from his dreams, and turned to nurse his

little schemes. He got poor snickers to invest their cash in rainbows in the West; he sold a lot of polar ice; he cornered peaches and raised the price; he reached for dollars everywhere, and for the truth he had no care; and honest possession no charms; and virtue was a false alarm. And now he's wearing prison stripes; and when the war broke out, he was the first to run with shuddered legs; his schemes were as good as wooden eggs. O, good game sport and other men are you as foolish as that hen—Walt Mason in Boston Transcript.



The Hatpin Must Go.
My Friend, Supervisor Logan.
Political Sidelights.
Lymer and the Inspector.
Gastronomical Constellations.
Virtues of the Hurry Bug.
Masque Balls and Tombstones.

Honolulu will soon be the scene of a hatpin crusade. That deadly weapon of offense and defense, which is used to adorn the feminine head, will soon be on the taboo list, if the plans of the crusaders go not awry. Chicago has already banished the hatpin to outer darkness and there is a feeling among the more progressive of Honolulu's sons that Honolulu should not allow herself to be outstripped by the metropolis of porcine fame.

It is expected that there will be considerable opposition to the passage of an antihatpin ordinance and it is even feared that should the bill become a law an effort will be made to break it in the courts. For this reason the framers will take no chances and the bill will not be introduced until its supporters are certain that it is puncture proof.

At first it was thought that the use of hatpins could be stopped under the concealed weapons law, but it was pointed out that the biggest hat fails to conceal the modern hatpin so the concealed part of it is non est. Concerning the weapon part there seems to be no difference of opinion, so far as mere man is concerned.

The Hon. Daniel Logan, Nestor of the board of supervisors, will be the introducer of the ordinance, rumor says. It is told that Logan almost lost his off eye through the villainous gyrations of one hatpin fastened to a feminine head in a tramcar the other day. Therefore his opposition to hatpins.

Several officers of the national guard are bitterly opposed to the present hatpin crusade. At least one of them was unable to march in the Floral Parade, report says, because his wife got up before he did and took his savor for a hatpin. It is believed that the militia men will support the antihatpin crusade.

Whether women will have to go back to the old-fashioned sunbonnet with homely tie strings under the chin, or whether some philanthropist will invent a new fastening for feminine headgear, is not yet determined. But the slogan of the anti is, "The hatpin must go."

I have never been able to really satisfy myself as to why the editor of the Star bristles every time someone criticizes the board of supervisors. I know he doesn't think very much of them himself, because he can not conceal all his thoughts behind his whiskers and I have heard his voice raised in real anger in meetings and caucuses of the august body, of which he is the shining light. But he should not be monopolistic and insist on being the only one privileged to call the supervisors "children" and such other harsh epithets. Besides, I am sorry to see him losing his temper, for when a mild man becomes aroused the result is fearful. To find Logan in a fighting mood brings as great a shock as it would be to discover a Belgian hare on the warpath.

Personally there is no one whose good faith, ability, integrity and honesty of purpose I believe in more than I do in Logan's. Without him the present board of supervisors would be lacking in many more ways than it is at present and Oahu, Oahu, Thou Pearl of the Sea, would be in a sorry plight. The trouble with Logan is, I fear, that he is allowing his loyalty to his colleagues to blind him to the fact that the majority of them are utterly unable to understand his idea that there is something superior to politics. He fights their battles and they pull wool over his eyes.

For all of this, it will be a sorry day for Honolulu when there is not included among the supervisors my friend Dan Logan or someone like him.

I have been observing the various expressions of politicians on the liquor issue, and find that with fair unanimity, they are of the opinion that they had better not express any opinion. In both the Republican and Democratic camps, the leaders want to fight shy of expressing any views on the subject, and if there is to be a special election, both parties want to keep out of it.

The reason? Because there are so many differences of opinion, and the differences are so strong, that the organizations might be disrupted. Now isn't that a peach of a reason? Allow me to paraphrase it: "This issue is so important we had better not discuss it. We find it so hard to solve this question that we had better let it alone. It is so vital, fundamental and so reaches into heartfelt convictions that it should be let alone. Let us rather discuss something we can agree about." I don't want to say that from a practical point of view, these timeservers are not right. Perhaps they can accomplish more good on other lines, as party organizations, by not getting into a prohibition rumpus. But I don't see how my prohibition friends are able to tolerate such sidestepping.

Deputy Attorney General Lymer is certain the Customs service is in need of reformation. He had an encounter with a Customs man last week, and he is sore. Lymer always carries a green bag. That is so people will know that he is a lawyer. He carried the green bag when he went down to one of the steamers from the Orient to say good-bye to some friends who were lucky enough to be allowed passage to the Coast.

After saying his tender adieux he started down the gangplank, his green bag swinging gracefully at his side. Just as he reached the dock, a rich hand reached out and snatched away the green bag. "What have you got in that?" said a gruff voice in his ear. "Think you'll get away with the dope, do you? Well, there ain't nuthin' doin'. You're pinched!"

Despite all the protests of the legal light, the rude inspector insisted on searching the greenbag. All he found inside was a fat law book, two paper-collars and a necktie.

"Huh," said the waterman, hauling back the greenbag. "Think you're smart, don't you? But you can't fool me. I'll get you next time. Now, get out."

And Lymer was clear off the wharf before he could think of anything appropriate to say to the rude inspector.

"Seven Stars surrounding Moon, five dollars!"

You might think that this is the name and price of a poem, or a book of poems, or a painting or astronomical chart. But it is not. It is something to eat. It is the great climactic dish of a Honolulu bill of fare, of which I was given a copy the other day. I found it the most interesting, even thrilling, menu I had ever had the pleasure of perusing. It begins quite tamely with "combination soup," which we have all had, for mother used to make it. But soon the plot thickens, so to speak. For there is fresh fish dainty soup, and it is followed by appetizing soup and bird nest. "Purée Egg Boudin" is an item by the way. After having read thus far one is given a grand array of chop suey. There is almost endless variety—Pigeon Chop Suey, Professor style; Pork Chop Suey, Li Hung Chang style; Duckling Chop Suey, Princess style; Fresh Shrimps Chop Suey, Country style; Hungarian Frog's Legs Chop Suey, Country style, and Kai Pak Chop Suey, as a sort of final mystery. You may have something of an idea of what the others are, but Kai Pak Chop Suey is, of course, a supreme test of nerve. It is a gastronomic leap in the dark as compared to which boarding house hash is, to make the metaphor as mixed as the hash plain sailing. The rest of this bill of fare consists of Appanoses, Su Tao style, String Flower roll, Duck Sante and Lily Seeds and then, as already mentioned, the chef's greatest triumph: Seven Stars surrounding Moon. Five dollars is a lot for a poor man to spend all at once. But soon day—maybe when Mayflower declares a dividend—I am going to walk proudly into the place where this menu comes from and tell the waiter to bring me seven stars surrounding moon, giving him a liberal tip in the hope that he will throw in a comet.

Humor and pathos are strangely commingled in the following little story that comes to me in the mail this week from the Waimoa Plains. It appears that some months ago there died at Waimoa one John Samoa, the pastor of the Hawaiian congregation. He was a truly good man, but his flock was poor, being made up principally of the cowboys of the ranches and their families.

(Continued on Page Five.)

SIDELIGHTS

PEACE IS RAPIDLY BEING ESTABLISHED.

Sidelights would be excluded from the columns of The Advertiser were it to intimate that everything therein related was not true, and that an occasional mistake creeps in. But the negative part of the proposition, to wit, viz., i. e., that all true things do not appear, may be safely launched without fear of a summary dismissal from the observant staff.

Concerning which I desire to mention that some things of considerable interest have been quite apparent to me. Perhaps the oversight of recent days has been one brought about by the manner in which the Japanese spies in the Philippines were disposed of. A new-paged man likes free trips, indeed free anything and everything—but his exile at government expense would not be enjoyed by him, although applauded by the general public.

Since I had occasion to call attention a few months ago to your Uncle Sam's expenditures within the Territory of Hawaii, things have been doing. The number of wagons and mules and soldiers has increased. The improvements have increased. The lighthouses in number have increased. Supplies and expenditures incident thereto have increased. Even Major Dunning has shared in the proportional progress.

But not all of these, save the latter, may be noticed by you if you read newspapers on the street cars or take your exercise with the aid of an automobile. If you want to find out what is taking place along the lines in hotel, cultivate the pedestrian habit, and use the Kalia road and the politically constructed highway encircling Diamond Head for training purposes. Railways and pipe lines and cables and things which resemble telephone and electric light construction work will be encountered by you, and afford convenient and frequent resting places.

And, if not too weary, continue your walk along Queen street. At a warehouse along the thoroughfare graced by the brewery, the Magoon block, Rosenberg's second-hand establishment, John Hackfeld's brownstone front, and the wharves, I saw the other afternoon some articles which have a startling resemblance to decaying papayas. The color was the same, and the softness was the same. But the odor belied my guess, for it savored of brimstone. And I learned that the packages—for such they were—contained powder, maintained by regulation in a damp condition.

And I saw some other things on my exercising tour which indicated to me that may be, after all, we are getting fairly well prepared to see that peace shall prevail. Even the algaroba trees along the Waikiki beach are being cultivated with a view of maintaining amity between nations. Though newspaper reporters speak of them as useful only for firewood and the production of kiawe beans, I imagine they are designated in official reports as marks.

But let the good work continue. Tunnels are useful always when they enable us to see the interior of the Diamond Head crater without scaling the heights. Powder of any variety is always worth investigating when it is carefully enclosed within yellow slicker canvas which feels like it has gone through a Kona. Models which require personal attention for which the attendants at Honolulu are paid good hard coin of the realm are ever welcome, even though they should occasionally kick.

May an actual war be as far away in years as the comet is in miles, but for commercial reasons, we all hope that the fear of international pillage will not abate until appropriations have been exhausted.

A MEEK AND LOWLY SAMARITAN.

Not all good samaritans of the present day are white, or rich, or educated or obtrusive. Some of them come from the humbler classes and races other than the Anglo-Saxon.

I barely missed the 5:30 car the other afternoon, and was compelled to wait almost ten minutes at the corner of Fort and Hotel streets. Standing there, offering newspapers for sale, was an old Hawaiian. The hat which formerly unquestionably was adorned by leis had around it the pathetic inscription "I am blind." His restless eyes, moving, moving always, as if in a vain search for a ray of sunlight, never to be seen, by him again, plainly showed the great affliction from which he was suffering. Through the medium of one of Bill Jarrett's policemen, who acted as interpreter, I learned that some four years ago he had been doomed to everlasting night through getting lime into his eyes.

While still waiting, I saw coming across the street from a cigar store a man I thought at first to be a negro. He was humbly dressed in every respect, and carried a lunch pail of the laborer's variety. He appeared to be in a hurry. As he approached the spot where the poor old man stood he looked about him as though hoping not to be detected in the commission of a crime, and then, in a surreptitious manner paid for some papers without taking them, and hurried on. The sightless one did not even have time to say "Aloha" or reach for papers, though the coin which had thus covertly been transferred to him would have, at current rates easily exhausted the supply of his merchandise.

When my car came it was crowded, but I was quickly offered a seat by the same lunch-pail man, who had evidently walked down to King. He stood on the running board by me until I got off at College street. Naturally inquisitive, I started up a conversation with him. He told me, in English which was only fairly good, that he had come here from one of the West India Islands with a newly married wife eight years ago, and had worked steadily ever since, being at the present time employed on government work at the rate of a dollar and six bits a day. His oldest child, a boy of seven, attended the public schools, and the other two he intended placing there when school age was reached. He had saved four or five hundred dollars for a rainy day, and was delightfully boastful of the fact that if any accident occurred to him, his wife and children would not immediately become objects of charity.

His attire, including the lunch tin, even in these high-price days, would not on the open market, have brought at auction more than a dollar. I imagine Bishop Tubbitt, Colonel Roosevelt, Pius, Mayor Fern and other celebrities are wholly unknown to him. A mention to him of an Old Master would probably suggest only a luna and naught else.

Fielding and Scott and Dickens and Shakespeare and Smollett and the rest of the glorious hosts who entertain us mentally are unto him as to the blind man whom he clandestinely assisted.

But as he politely tipped his hat when I climbed off the car I could not help but remember his gift. And when the musical instrument on which Gabriel is an expert shall have been employed in a last performance, and a court in which objections will not be entertained shall have been convened, I believe there will likewise be a remembrance and also a record.

Rocketteller's munificent gifts to charity and tuberculosis and hookworm cures are all right, and should be accepted, although the money he like unto Twile so far as taint is concerned; and Carnegie's endeavors to lift the poverty stricken are worthy of any good cause. But when the occasion to which I have made reference arrives, I believe the half-dollar which I saw will have increased in value, and outweigh the millions of the oil and steel kings.

CHINESE MILLENNIUM HAS ARRIVED.

Despite all predictions, and in advance of the initial appearance of the much heralded Halley's comet, the millennium has shown up. Defeat of Cuipei as delegate is often predicted, and as often is the prediction a losing proposition to those whose dollars are wagered on the accuracy of the prophecy. Consistency on the part of the newspapers is one of our fairy dreams, the realization of which is hoped for when we are all exceedingly optimistic. The purchase with municipal funds of a new auto for the mayor, the payment of a dividend by the Mulhills, the plantation and Chandler—these and many other things figure in the same class, and are useful only for fiction purposes.

But though none of these untoward events have taken place, I repeat my assertion that the millennium has arrived. And this is why I am right:

The Chinaman is parting with his queue. I refer not to the variety of Chinaman with whom we are all acquainted who has become Americanized, and Christianized, and civilized, and dandified, and appears to be proud of his departure from the paths mental and moral, trodden by his forefathers. I mean the oldtime Chinaman, the one who insists that, after his death, when Mother Earth shall have done her part, his bones shall be expressed to his native land for further interment, who believes that glory awaits him by a proper worship of his ancestors, and who thinks that the views entertained by Brigham Young on domestic affairs were sound. He, even he is parting with his queue. Keep track of it yourself, and you will see that I am right.

My husband says that no better "sport" whatever that may mean—than the present Chinese consul ever visited Honolulu. When he first arrived here I saw him on a festive occasion, and there is no question at all but that in making his toilet a hair dresser had been requisitioned.

I saw him talking with a countryman on Wednesday last, and lo and behold, all was changed. The queue had disappeared as completely as the

(Continued on Page Five.)